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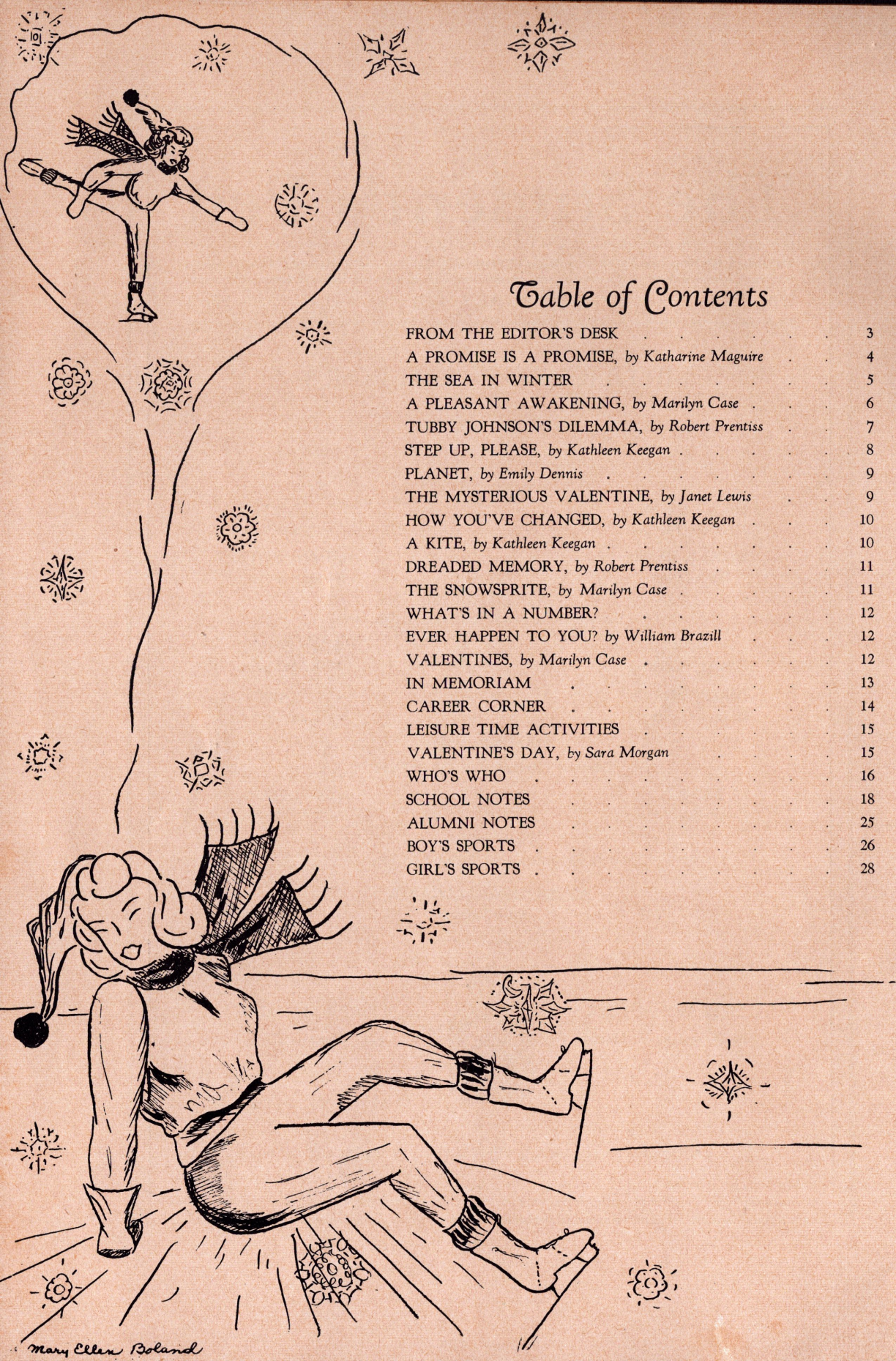


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From the EDITOR'S DESK

Our Literary Heritage

By Nancy Quirk '52

IT was just one hundred years ago, in 1851, that two novels, which are an important part of our American literary tradition, were published. One was Herman Melville's masterpiece "Moby Dick", and the other was Nathaniel Hawthorne's widely read "The House of the Seven Gables."

At the time Melville was living at Arrowhead, a house which still stands on Holmes Road in Pittsfield. And it was here that he wrote "Moby Dick," which many of our more serious critics have called America's greatest book. Melville's frequent visitors included Nathaniel Hawthorne, who was then living at Tanglewood, now the site of the world famous Berkshire Symphonic Festival; and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, whose home at that time was the present location of our own Pittsfield High School. When P. H. S. was built, it was necessary to demolish the house in which Longfellow had written "The Old Clock on the Stairs"—an

incident which may well be the reason for the present day students being haunted by its "Forever, never!

Never, forever!"

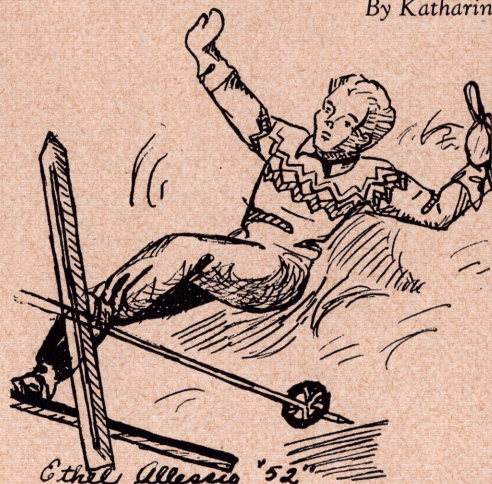
It was also in this year, 1851, that Longfellow's "The Golden Legend" was published.

The hundredth anniversary of all this has brought to mind that some of our contemporaries who are laboring over essays or poetry for THE PEN could be inspired by the tradition and renown that was ours a century ago. These students, conscious of their environment, might restore to our locality that place in the forefront of American letters that was ours in the middle of the last century.

There may not be another doleful Melville, a gloomy Hawthorne, or quietly philosophical Longfellow among our current contributors but perhaps—and it is our fervent hope—we may unearth somebody who will carry on our tradition of New England letters.

A Promise Is A Promise

By Katharine Maguire '54



THE snow began to fall gently as I hurried home from basketball practice, and by the time I reached my street corner it had gradually developed into a small-scale blizzard. "Skiing again!" I rejoiced. At last I could begin my much-needed practicing. I expected to race at the end of February and beat that guy all to pieces—the one who had tied with me for first place last year. By tomorrow . . . Out of the corner of my eye, I recognized Billy, the little neighborhood pest, running hard and waving frantically at me.

"Hey you! Hey you, Joe!" he yelled.

Being in no mood to answer his almost inexhaustible supply of unanswerable questions, I hastily ducked into the corner grocery intending to sneak home the back way and so avoid Billy. I did not succeed. Not so easily given the slip, Billy, panting breathlessly, met me at the back door. "They came this morning!" he gasped. "Just the right size . . . all waxed . . . ready to go . . . start any time now . . . whenever you say . . ."

"If you have to talk, spare me the gory details," I interrupted crossly, "and kindly use slow, two-cent words—easy on the nerves, you know."

Billy was only too willing to begin again.

"I said," he repeated, "my skis came this morning. Will yuh start teaching me soon?"

I sighed. It all came back to me then. More than a month before, I had made the rash promise (under pressure, of course) to teach Billy to ski when the season started this year. It was the type of promise one makes expecting it to be soon forgotten. Obviously, however, it hadn't been and, now that I had been taken up on my offer, I felt desperate. I could imagine the long, back-breaking hours of land drill, then his first downhill attempt on skis. I could see myself picking up his mangled little body and giving lengthy word-perfect explanations to his anxious parents. It was all too terrible. I rapidly came from the horrible future to the none-the-less horrible, present, as Billy reminded me that I had walked past my own house. "A promise is a promise," I decided to myself.

"Tomorrow afternoon," I told Billy, as I retraced my steps.

"Gee thanks, Joe. That'll be swell. I knew you would," Billy called after me.

The next afternoon we started on the small back slope near Billy's home. I gave him a few basic pointers, then watched him try it for himself. He went down the first time without falling! I let out my breath and slowly began to take heart. We continued to practice almost every afternoon after school. Despite my pessimistic predictions, Billy was showing remarkable progress. In fact, though I never would have admitted it, I rather enjoyed teaching him after all. I smugly prided myself as being solely and completely responsible for his rapidly-increasing ability to ski. In my mind's eye, I could see Billy, with such humble beginnings, as a famous skier, breaking all known speed records, with me, his trainer, always at the money end, receiving large cuts as the one who had discovered and singled him out.

Besides these glamorous day dreams, I had some more realistic plans for Billy. I believed that he would stand up in competition, and I wanted him to enter the slalom in the midget class, although I had not yet informed him of this. As for myself, I had really begun to practice in earnest, for the much-anticipated day of the ski meet was drawing uncomfortably near.

A couple of weeks later, I took Billy skiing with me in Hancock. (I felt he had graduated to a mountain by then.) We rode up in the tow and at the top I stopped to give him a word of encouragement. Billy apparently, however, felt no qualms.

About halfway down the slope it happened. It was afterward unexplainable, though I made several half-hearted attempts to inform my parents and interested friends of the details of the matter. I lay dejectedly in a hospital ward, with my right leg in traction. At first I had been humiliated to think that Billy had made it down the slope and I had not; but this feeling had soon worn off, and I was gloomy and miserable. I repeated the nurse's cheerful words sarcastically to myself. "It'll only be a few short weeks here," she had said. From a whole year chuck full of equally long days, why did I have to break my leg right before the 24th, the day when the ski meet was scheduled? It was all very agonizing.

The days slowly dragged by, one following the other in the usual order. Then the twenty-fourth arrived. I lay still in my bed, picturing the cheering crowds and the sun on the snow of the mountain. Late in the afternoon, I had a visitor. Billy burst into the ward, wearing a funny expression on his face that I couldn't interpret. I knew something was up. He reached my bedside, beamed, and produced a silver cup.

"First place in the slalom in the midget class!" he announced.

That was that. I mentally patted myself on the back. The little guy could really ski after all!



The Sea in Winter

Kathleen McMahon '54

IN winter, the sea is like a moody woman to whom a trifling pleasure has been denied. Where but a few months ago it danced beckoningly in a gown of foam-speckled blue, it now pounds and crashes against the rocky shore in a garb of somber gray-green, unleashing its fury on a heedless world. The beach that was once covered with gaily clad people is now devoid of all life, save for a solitary sandpiper, which crazily chases and dodges the angry surf. And the sea gull, which so recently glided on the warm summer breeze beneath a dazzling sun, now winds his weary course along a chill winter wind, uttering his eerie and mournful cry.

The breakwater, where in summer we sat and watched the tide come in, is merely a bleak, ice-sheathed mass of cold, gray stone, so different from the warm observation post where we watched the sailing races last summer. Now there are no swift and graceful craft slicing the tops of waves, only a lonely lobster boat, ploughing indistinctly out past the last breakwater. One last wavering cry of the disappearing gull floats back upon the wind, and then there is only the sound of the winter sea pounding the desolate shore.

A Pleasant Awakening

By Marilyn Case '53

IF you think that teachers haven't any troubles read this story.

"Those children are becoming harder to handle every day," complained Miss Rogers to herself. "They just won't be quiet and I can't teach them a thing. Oh! Why did I ever become a teacher in the first place? Besides I think I deserve a vacation after coping with those classes for three months."

Sighing she began gathering her books ready to leave when suddenly an idea struck her. A vacation! She needed a rest and "maybe" she thought "if I stay away for a while and a disagreeable substitute is sent to teach my pupils they might learn to appreciate me."

With this idea in mind Miss Rogers went to the principal and asked his permission for a few days off. He didn't object, so she went home, confident that when she returned, her classes would be so glad to see her that they would obey.

The next morning she awoke at the usual time and was about to get ready for school when she remembered that she was supposed to be taking a vacation.

"It feels queer," she thought, "not going to school," and she began to feel guilty about the whole thing. "Maybe I should go to school and tell the principal I feel much better."

She didn't, however, and that night she couldn't sleep. Suppose they would like the substitute better than her. Suppose the principal should tell her that she was no longer needed! When she finally dropped off to sleep, she had a horrible nightmare. She dreamed that the substitute was a beautiful blonde and that all the pupils were quiet and that the boys even stayed after school of their own accord; and that when she, their own teacher, came back, they went on a strike, saying that if they couldn't have the blonde, they wouldn't have anyone.

Poor Miss Rogers! She tossed and turned and didn't get a decent night's sleep at all. The next morning, remembering her frightful dream, she called Miss Smith, also a teacher, and lightly inquired about her substitute.

"Oh, she is very attractive," said Miss Smith, "blonde hair, blue eyes, and all that. I certainly hope that those adolescent boys keep their heads."

"What shall I do now?" wailed Miss Rogers, after she had hung up. "I knew I shouldn't have done it. Now I'm afraid to return." Finally she decided to stay home one more day, although she did nothing but worry.

The next morning she arose at the usual time, prepared for school, and tried to stop worrying. She began to wonder when the children in her home room acted no differently, but she still had six periods to face. At nine o'clock the pupils began taking their seats, but they still acted the same. Then everyone was in but Laura and John. She was about to call the office when in they walked, their arms full of flowers. They put them on her desk and sat down. With trembling hands Miss Rogers picked up the card and read, "To Miss Rogers, to show how much we missed you," and it was signed: "Periods 1-2-3-4-5-6." Miss Rogers hardly knew what to say.

"But what about that pretty substitute?" she cried in disbelief, and thought she heard wrong when they said, "Oh, she had looks, but she wasn't half as nice as you."

Finally Miss Rogers regained her senses. "Class, we will begin the lessons now," she said. "You may work together as long as you are quiet."

And were they quiet! Not only first period, but all six of them. Her plan had worked after all.

Tubby Johnson's Dilemma

By Robert Prentiss '53

IN the beginning, it had looked as if Carnevale High would take the game from Carlton. That had been the crowd's opinion; that is, until the Carlton coach put Tubby Johnson into the game. Then the fireworks began! The morale of the Carlton players rose high, especially when Tubby racked up twenty-two points, and Carlton strode on to win 46-28.

Tubby had played a spectacular game, but even more spectacular was the way he had gotten into the game. It seems that the Carlton coach had kept him on the bench most of the season because Tubby was five pounds overweight, and these extra pounds had slowed him on his feet. How Tubby lost these five pounds the day before the Carnevale game, is the theme of this tale.

Tubby Johnson had only three great passions in his life: his stomach, basketball, and, unbelievable but true, Latin. The first rated highest. Everyday Tubby's lunchbag bulged with gigantic Dagwood sandwiches and myriads upon myriads of sweets. How he endured the three periods before lunch, we cannot understand; but it was astonishing the way he would dash out of 305 at the end of third period and cover the ground to the locker section like a flash. Naturally, he always had his lock set so he could spend an extra sixty seconds on his lunch.

The day before the Carnevale game, it happened that Tubby had the appetite of a gorilla. So, in a second he had picked up his lunch and was zooming to the cafeteria to pacify his gnawing stomach. In his hurry, he proved the proverb, "Haste makes waste," for he accidentally left his lock open.

Twenty minutes later, we find Tubby still at his table, munching an enormous piece of chocolate cake. There was a serene expression on his face. He was enjoying his provender. Suddenly, he looked at his watch and

gulped. Twelve twenty nine! One minute to get to fourth period Latin in 110 and wrestle with the conjugation of "aggredior."

"Yikes! Tempus fugit!" he thought.

Quickly, he bolted the cake down. At the moment, Latin seemed more important. He just couldn't bear to miss one moment of Latin! Anyway, if he was late for class, he would have to stay fifteen minutes after school on a hard chair in the office, while he could be eating a sundae at the "Sugar Bowl." With these thoughts in mind, Tubby rushed toward the cafeteria door.

Crash! He collided with a burly senior, who was carrying a tray of hot dinner. Chicken soup mixed with milk made a sloppy mess. With cries of anger, the senior swung at the sophomore, Tubby. The senior fell to the floor limp as a wet rag, as Tubby gave him the old strangle-hold.

Unheeding the commands of a teacher to stop, Tubby headed again for the door. He flew up the stairs and swerved sharply around a corner, knocking the books out of a teacher's hands.

"Come back, Alfred Johnson!" the teacher cried indignantly.

But Tubby continued on his way, lumbering down the third floor corridor. It was later remarked by pupils on the second floor that it seemed as if a rumbling B-29 was passing above. Tubby came into the home stretch, the locker section, gasping for breath, and with a sickening feeling in his heart. That voice had sounded like his Latin teacher's.

Now we come to the rather pathetic and odd twist in our story. Clumsily, Tubby tried to open his lock but to no avail. He struggled for ten minutes. Finally, he rested and muttered, "How do you like that! The only subject I care about and I've missed ten minutes of it, so far!"

With these words he tackled his problem

anew. To make matters worse, he had an acute pain in his side from running. "Why in the deuce won't this lock open?" he wondered.

Then, he looked at the lock next to his. It was open. With a burst of anger he seized it and put it on backwards. Suddenly, he realized his folly. "Hey! That's my lock!"

So, began a lot of neck-stretching in order to open the lock. "Let's see. 12—24—8. No, 8—12—24. I mean, 12—a, oh! That's wrong, too!"

Step Up, Please

By Kathleen Keegan '51

IT started out to be a bad morning. I had overslept and was in a bad mood because of all the rushing I had to do. And to make the matters worse, I snapped the button off my jacket as I hurriedly tried to get dressed. I rushed downstairs with a comb in one hand and a tube of lipstick in the other, applying both of them as I dashed from one end of the house to the other. My gloves were no place to be found so I had to wear a pair of dilapidated mittens. And my boots were so muddy that they looked like something from the wreck of the Hesperus. (I guess I really should have cleaned them off last night.)

Finally, I was ready to run for the last bus—all of my friends would have gone on the first bus. Just as I reached the stop sign, the bus was ready to pull away, but I made it.

"Step up, please," the driver pleasantly warned me.

"I can take care of myself, thank you," I barked at him. And then it happened. I tripped over my big boots and went sprawling down the aisle, my school books scattered in a dozen different directions. Without a word, the driver left his seat and helped me to my feet; then he went back to his driving.

After I had settled myself, I took out a needle and thread and sewed the button to my jacket. This would be the only chance

Tubby's agony became greater. Beads of perspiration dripped down his forehead. His sweaty hand kept slipping off the lock. Most of the fourth period had gone by. Then, there was a click, and the lock opened. With a sigh of relief, Tubby fainted to the floor. The incident had exhausted all his energy.

The next day, having recovered, Tubby weighed himself and found to his amazement and delight he had lost five pounds!

I'd have to sew it back on. The man crowding against me with his newspaper kept gar-rumpling every time I came up with the needle. I wondered what kind of a noise he'd make if I stuck him—then the bus stopped too suddenly and I found out.

As the crowd on the bus thinned out and we neared the school, I noticed the driver for the first time. He was young, of medium height, had pleasant brown eyes, and the kind of build that girls drool over, with a handsome face to go with it.

Just then we came to the school and my thoughts were interrupted. By now I was the one and only passenger left on the bus.

"Step down, please," he pleasantly said.

"Is that all you ever say? 'Step up, please.' 'Step down, please.' 'Step down the aisle, please.'"

"Step out, please," he said.

"Is that a command or a request?" I asked, stepping down from the bus and glancing back, just in time to catch his smile.

"It's an invitation," he said, "for next Sunday afternoon."

Sunday afternoon, I hurried to make sure I wouldn't be late. Sure enough, the bus driver met me on the dot, and as we got on the bus the driver said, "Watch your step, please."

My bus driver smiled at me and whispered "Don't listen to a word he says."

Planet

Emily Dennis '51

A JEWEL hung in ghastly night . . . "Here is a universe, a world. A gleaming ball of rock and metal. How weird the existence of this planet! Rapidly whirling through space, surrounded by an aureole of glowing atmosphere, breathing forth smoke and fire from rumbling rock, almost alive itself in its active existence and yet it exists completely devoid of life.

Here on this strange sphere, black mountains rise in ragged layers, their metallic sides gleam—barren. From them, narrow cliffs jut out; into them, deep, hollow caves open; around them, on the scaly surface, swirls a soft, fine, gray dust. The rocks, alternately under the pressure of swelling, melting heat and contracting, cracking cold, have splintered, flaked, and crumbled into dust. Everywhere dust drifts and blows. Soft, shadowed drifts of dust huddle against the black stone mountains where the hot wind has driven them. Breezes toss the fine dust and spray it up into the dense atmosphere where it remains suspended for a moment, while sunbeams strike each particle transforming it into a prism of color. The particles surge upward in a resplendent spray and fall in an awesome fountain.

As the sun sets, savage beauty comes over this metallic world. Red-orange fire lies in molten pools on the mirroring rock and sand. Night comes, not in blackness but in a mellow twilight. The atmosphere becomes a heavy, yellow haze. Rising from behind the mountains is a lustrous, red moon. It hangs close and large; its gaping craters seemingly touch the mountain.

Dazzling stars flash piercing rays. A gasping fissure belches forth a greenish gas and sends a shrill whistle wandering through the silence.

Then the quiet is splintered by an explosive crash. The ground breaks apart in great

cracks. A cliff quivers, collapses and slides noisily and broken into the soft dust. Imbedded in the rock floor a meteor lies—a massive meteor of unbelievable weight, hurled with fantastic force from a star millions of years away.

"Miss Dennis, what is the attraction outside the window? This is certainly not a place for dreaming. Can't you keep up with the class? How can you expect to be able to understand the universe if you do not pay attention? Now, class, as I was saying, a planet is a cold, dark body which travels in a slightly elliptical orbit . . ."

"A cold, dark mind which travels in a . . ."

"Miss Dennis, really! Try at least to look as though you were interested in the subject. Now then, a planet is a cold, dark body . . .!"

"A jewel hung in ghastly night."

THE MYSTERIOUS VALENTINE

By Janet Lewis '52

The postman brought to me today,
A letter very fine
And it contained within it,
A pretty valentine.

It was a heart outlined in lace,
With a rose and bow upon it
And in fancy letters printed,
This little verse was on it:

"You are as sweet as the little pink rose,
Its perfume is divine;
Yet its fragrance would be sweeter,
If you'd be my valentine."

But there was no name upon the card,
So now I'll never know
Who sent the pretty valentine
With the flower, lace, and bow.

How You've Changed

By Kathleen Keegan

FOR weeks now, you had been anxiously awaiting February 10, the date of the annual Valentine Dance. Saturday took its time arriving, with you dying a thousand anticipatory deaths. For some time now, you had been writing to Burt. Big, blonde, handsome Burt—the fellow you met at the beach last summer. At first it had started to be just a friendly correspondence, but your letters cemented a friendship that later blossomed into a romance, via air mail. When Burt graduated last year and you became a full-fledged senior, he sent you his class ring. And now, at last, you were to see him again. You had invited him down for the week-end, so that he could make it to the dance. You even had to get a girl for Johnnie, the boy next door. Since Johnnie's girl lived out of town, too, you and he had planned on going together, but now that Burt could make it, you fixed Johnnie up with Lucie. But when the train finally pulled in and Burt stepped down off the steps, disappointment went through you like a knife. Had he really been that short last summer? And had his shock of blonde hair been that unruly?

Then you noticed that Burt was staring, too. "Gosh," he said, "you don't look a thing like I remembered."

"It's been a long time," you answered feebly, wondering how you could ever have forgotten that his voice sounded so much like a foghorn.

You got through the day by going skating with the gang. Johnnie let Burt take his skates, but that still didn't help Burt skate. Gee! Johnnie could skate rings around Burt.

At the dance that night you felt dismal and numb, completely drained of conversation. Finally, you could take it no longer.

"Burt, if you don't mind too much, I think we'd better just be friends," you said, handing his ring to him.

"I guess you're right." He pocketed the ring. "It—it isn't like it was at the beach, is it?"

You shook your head. No, it wasn't as you'd dreamed it would be at all. Just because your dream man didn't have quite as broad shoulders as—as—as Johnnie has. Now it all became quite clear to you. Your dream of Burt had got all mixed up with Johnnie. What a mess!

Just then, Johnnie and Lucie danced by. "Would you like to trade this dance?" he asked.

The minute Burt and Lucie were out of sight, Johnnie led you to a corner sofa and asked why you had such a long face. Then he noticed the bare spot on your finger where you always wore the ring. So you blurted out the whole story. And while you were talking, the dawn came. Why, Johnnie didn't have a girl friend at all. He never showed you one of her letters . . . only reports of letters . . . and telegrams. He had no photo of her and he never visited her. Now you knew . . . for certain. There wasn't a girl for him at all—he'd invented her because of Burt.

"Come on, let's dance," you said, laughing, and pulling Johnnie to his feet. "I suddenly feel like dancing."

A KITE

By Kathleen Keegan '51

Way up to the sky it lightly goes.

What does it see, do you suppose?

It could be almost anything,

As it gently pulls at the end of the string.

It may be the children going to school,

Or the ones who skipped to skate at the pool.

It may be the housewife shaking her mop,

Or the policeman calling a car to a stop,

Or the boy at the end of the kite's long string.

Yes, it could be almost anything.

Dreaded Memory

By Robert Prentiss, '53

WILLIE wriggled nervously in a Visitor's Chair of the main office, awaiting a grim and impending disaster. Tragedy threatened at each click of the door. Each time the door opened, he looked up anxiously and gave a distinct sigh of relief when the nurse did not appear.

Willie's troubles had commenced that dreary February morning when a slight, but noticeable, pain appeared in his throat at breakfast time. Immediately, he thought it was the mumps, and he dreaded the prospect of a two-weeks' holiday. Most students would have welcomed a holiday for any reason, but not Willie.

He recalled another dismal February morning, two years before, when he had experienced the same pain. The family doctor had said, glumly, "I'm afraid he has the mumps. He'll have to stay in bed for two weeks. The only cure is a complete rest."

At first, Willie had liked the idea of being home, and thought of reading and listening to the radio. But, his mother had gently checked him from exerting himself in any way.

"Be careful, dear," she would say, "just go to sleep and rest your ears and eyes."

When Willie frowned, his mother would murmur reproachfully, "Remember what the doctor said, dearie."

As a result, Willie's holiday had become two weeks of dragged-out misery in-bed, a real trial of human endurance, but somehow he had survived.

Now, two years later, the memory of that bitter experience had spurred Willie into going to school, regardless of the pain he was suffering. A kindly teacher had observed how pale he was and had sent him to the

office. As he waited for the nurse, there was no doubt in his mind that she would order him home. "Go home and go to bed. You're a sick boy."

"Wouldn't you know this would happen," he thought, "and just when I had a good chance of making the football team. It couldn't happen at a worse time."

Willie's mood of self-pity was broken by the click of the door. He knew who was coming, but his legs refused to budge. At the moment the door was opened, Willie caught the faint strains of the Glee Club in the auditorium singing "Now is the Hour." Yes, now was the hour, the exact moment! Willie rose, rather wobbly, as the nurse approached.

"I-I h-h-have the-the m-mumps, Miss Trenton," Willie stammered.

"Oh, let me see now," said Miss Trenton.

She gave him a mere glance, a pleasant smile, and started to speak. Willie could scarcely believe his ears.

"Just a little cold," she said. "Nothing a few cough drops won't cure. You'd better go back to class."

Willie groped unsteadily for the door.

THE SNOWSPRITE

By Marilyn Case, '53

Wild little snowsprite

Gay and bold

Lives in the winter

Loves the cold.

Plays in the snow

Through the winter long

And vanishes at

The first robin's song.

What's In A Number?

OF all the numbers that will become closely identified with your name in the future, your social security will certainly head the list because of its ever-increasing economic value to you.

When you apply for a social security number, it starts a series of events, comparable to a "chain reaction", which continue throughout your life. By going into a social security office and filling out an application, you start this reaction. A number is affixed to your name and is sent with all the other information concerning you to Baltimore, Maryland, where records are kept for every other person who benefits from this social insurance. Almost all information is kept by machines, so danger of error is eliminated. Although about 115 million names are kept in this very complete file, data concerning you can be easily found and a duplicate card, if you have lost yours, can be obtained.

At the time you first report for a job, your employer will ask to see your account number card. He lists all the necessary information concerning you so that he can send an accurate account of the one and one-half per cent he deducts from every dollar you earn. The money and the report go to the Federal Government, whose employees in turn send the money to the Treasury Department and the informational report to the social security office in Baltimore. Then when you become eligible to receive the benefits derived from this insurance after your retirement, the right amount, as determined by your lifetime work, is paid to you. It is because of the vast numbers of people who are eligible to benefit from the social security plan that one number is identified with only you to keep you separate from all other persons, even anyone who might have the same name.

There are several things that you ought

to remember about the social security card:

1. One number is yours for a lifetime.
 2. If you lose your card, or if it is beyond further use, always ask for a duplicate—not a new number—and it will be given to you.
 3. Show your card to your employer when you first report for work.
 4. If you are a "Miss" at present, but become a "Mrs.", fill out the change of name form.
 5. Take good care of your card and remember that while a new card can be obtained, loss of it might inconvenience you.
- Social security is a big thing. Only in years to come will you, as a working man or woman, realize its importance and economic value.

EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?

By William Brazill, '53

The hands of the clock go slowly around;
The boy walks hurriedly up and down;
He looks at his watch, and then at a clock,
And then he continues to walk and walk.
And what is the reason for this long wait?
Of course, you guessed it; his date is late.
She said she'd meet him at seven-o-four
But he's been waiting for an hour or more!
"This isn't the worst," he solemnly states,
But soon will come the part he hates;
When the girl rushes up in a smile and song
And asks, "Have I kept you waiting long?"

VALENTINES

By Marilyn Case '53

Valentines, Valentines,
For each and every one.
Send them to the pests you know
And have a little fun;
Send them to friends, your family, too,
Send one to your sweetheart,
And sign it "Guess Who?"

In Memoriam



MISS HELEN WHITMIRE
Instructor of Commercial Subjects
PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL 1934 - 1951

The sense of loss in the untimely passing of Miss Helen Whitmire is shared by every member of the School Department and by her many students, past and present. Her life was wholeheartedly devoted to her pupils whose interests were her paramount concern. She brought to her task a fine combination of sympathetic understanding of the needs of youth and teaching ability of high order.

EDWARD J. RUSSELL,
Superintendent of Schools.

Efficient teaching requires that he who instructs shall have a high degree of personal interest in the individuals under his care. Miss Whitmire's success was due largely to her understanding of the problems of boys and girls, and to her desire to be helpful to

them. Her associates as well as her pupils will miss her pleasant smile which greeted us always—even to her last morning of service with us.

We have lost a good teacher and a good friend. We are grateful for her devoted service.

ROY M. STROUT,
Principal, Pittsfield High School.

The passing of Miss Helen L. Whitmire was a severe blow to the students and teachers of the Commercial Department. Miss Whitmire had a boundless interest in all matters pertaining to the scholastic development of her students. With characteristic enthusiasm, she displayed this interest in her daily classroom work.

Miss Whitmire was a devoted worker. During the last few months of her life, stricken with a fatal malady, she continued her work to, literally, the last minute. In midmorning of December 15, 1950, she left her classroom and went directly to the hospital, where she passed away on January 11, 1951.

ROBERT KRIGER,
Head of the Commercial Department.

Miss Helen Whitmire was Pittsfield High's perfect example of peace of mind. Her lesson was one of patience which we hope to carry on. We extend our sympathy to the family of one of our most earnest and sincere teachers.

NANCY QUIRK, '52.

Miss Whitmire, Teacher for 37 Years, Dies

Taught Typing, Office Practice At PHS 27 Years

(From Friday's Eagle)

Miss Helen L. Whitmire, 56, of 212 First Street, a teacher for 37 years, died last night at St. Luke's Hospital after a short illness. Prior to her death, she had taught typing and office practice at Pittsfield High School for 27 years.

The body will be brought from the Condron Funeral Home late this afternoon to her former address on First Street. The funeral will be Monday morning in St. Joseph's Church followed by burial in St. Joseph's Cemetery.

She is survived by a sister, Miss Margaret Whitmire of Springfield and two brothers, Rev. George Whitmire of the Franciscan Mission Order, stationed at Siena College in Loudonville, N.Y., and Jere of Pittsfield.

Mr. Russell's Tribute

School Superintendent Edward J. Russell paid the following tribute this morning to Miss Whitmire: "The sense of loss in the untimely passing of Miss Helen Whitmire is shared by every member of the School Department and by her many students, past and present. Her life was wholeheartedly devoted to her pupils whose interests were her paramount concern. She brought to her task a fine combination of sympathetic understanding of the needs of youth and of teaching ability of a high order. On behalf of the School Department and myself I wish to extend deep sympathy and condolences to her family."

Born in Pittsfield in 1894, she was the daughter of Ambrose and Agnes Mooney Whitmire and spent most of her life here. She graduated from Westfield State Teachers College, received her B.S. from Boston University and her masters' degree from St. Bonaventure College. She started teaching in Pittsfield schools in 1914, and continued until June, 1924, when she taught in New Britain, Conn., for 10 years. In 1934 she returned to Pittsfield and has taught in Pittsfield High ever since.

She was a member of the Third Order of St. Francis and a communicant of St. Joseph's Church.

CAREER CORNER



MRS. FRANK KILIGAS

ON the list of those who graduated from Pittsfield High School in 1933, the name Olive Fish, now Mrs. Frank Kiligas, can be found. Her ambition and determination to succeed did not make Olive unique, but the fact that she attained her goal places her in a position which we all must admire. Olive did not want to move mountains; her sole desire was to become a private secretary.

All this we learned in our recent interview with Mrs. Kiligas. We were told further that in climbing the ladder to success she decided to continue her education by attending Berkshire Business College.

After spending three years working in the photography department at England Brothers, she climbed another step when she was employed by the G. E. as a clerk in the Distribution Transformer Engineering Division.

Although marriage intervened and Mrs. Kiligas resigned, it was not long after that, mindful of her ambition, she accepted a position as a secretary at Eaton's Paper Company, where she remained for five years. In October, 1945, she once again returned to the G. E. as a general clerk. She soon became a stenographer; not long afterwards, she obtained her present position as a private sec-

retary to Mr. J. W. Livermore, purchasing agent.

As Mrs. Kiligas is in a position to give advice, we shall mention a few items which she puts on her list of "musts."

"Above all, be accurate and confidential; have a good attendance record; make a neat appearance; last of all, anticipate the needs of your employee."

Mrs. Kiligas is completely satisfied with her job. With a slight twinkle in her pretty hazel eyes, she informed us that she is happy to be a secretary from eight to five and a housewife for the rest of the twenty-four hours.

A member of the Women's Club and the G.E.A.A. Archery Club, Mrs. Kiligas also belongs, as does her husband, to the Berkshire Museum Amateur Camera Club. One of their home movies received a prize.

Two years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Kiligas traveled to California to visit Mr. Kiligas' brother. On the way home they visited the impressive Grand Canyon, Painted Desert, Zion National Park, and the Boulder Dam. At the Boulder Dam they descended six hundred feet below ground in an elevator, where they were surprised to find some G. E. transformers. She then realized the wide use of G. E. appliances and was proud of her part in this gigantic production.

Skating on the Common on a brisk afternoon is Mrs. Kiligas' idea of a good time. Much of her time is also spent watching the weekly fights on television; and, by the way, Joe Louis is her favorite fighter.

Mrs. Kiligas seems so satisfied and looks so young that we asked her for her secret formula. We learned that she has none, but we did receive a piece of advice that we consider worth repeating:

"Any girl who is interested and likes shorthand can start in a position of comparative unimportance and work up to the position of private secretary."

Leisure Time Activities

BECAUSE of many present day advances in education, the function of the high school has gone much beyond the training of the mind. Because a greater number of teen age boys and girls now attend high school than ever before, there is a greater percentage who will not be interested in a college education. So an ever-increasing demand for leisure time activities has come into being.

All over the country numerous and varied organizations have been established to furnish these outside activities. These are very important in many respects. In the first place it is necessary to look to the future when you are choosing your activities because they may have a bearing on your occupation; and, secondly, you ought to occupy your spare time in a worthwhile manner.

However, it is most important to remember that your "level of aspiration" should be in keeping with yourself; that is, you should hitch your wagon to the right star for you as an individual.

Do not aim too high in your attempt to make good. This may result in failure, because you will be working over your head and worrying whether you can do it. On the other hand, do not reach the other extreme. This causes boredom. Our chaotic state needs people who will strive to attain that goal; so have a little self-confidence.

The social value of these activities is invaluable. Your particular interests and abilities find others whose tastes coincide with your own and the result is that you are better equipped to get along with people. This is an important part of our all-important society.

Another point is that the congeniality of the individual is often determined by employers in large businesses who try to have people working together who share similar outside interests. This promotes cooperation, and better work is turned out. The

same is true of the small-business employer, only more so. For here the man will try to have all his employees share like interests. It happens too often that a person will be discharged from a job more quickly for lack of ability to get along with his contemporaries than for lack of skill on the job.

In the armed services, too, your training program depends upon how you spend your free moments. The army and other branches of service might give tests which try to determine your likes and dislikes, but the outcome will depend more on what is done in reality than what is on paper.

One sad part about this whole thing is that a person will have varied abilities, but will not apply them in his occupation. This is seen often in students who have ability and no interest.

Besides being important to occupations and society, the leisure time activities serve as "safety valves" for relief of emotional tensions. Everyone needs some sort of outlet so he can forget, temporarily at least, his troubles.

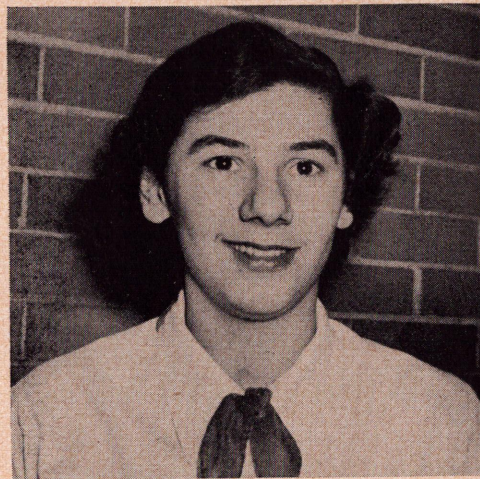
Finally, these outside pleasures teach us to adapt ourselves to our surroundings. This means compromise. Compromise can lead to understanding. And understanding can give us a better world in which to live.

VALENTINE'S DAY

Sara Morgan '53

Oh, my, that day is here again
With all its trimmings gay.
Lovelorn hearts are mending now,
For today's that special day!
Hearts that once were meek and timid
Now are brave and bold;
Your bashful hero sends his love
By means of a heart of gold.
So send your love to your favorite guy
Send it the postman's way
On a little red heart fringed with lace.
On good St. Valentine's day.

WHO'S WHO



CAPTAIN

Dick Snook, better known as "Snooky", is the boy you've been seeing lately on the basketball court. He is captain of the team and, I might add, a very good one!

Dick favors steak above all other food; and basketball as his favorite sport. He also enjoys listening to music. As for studies—well, Economics suits him to a "T".

After graduation, Dick plans to further his education at Gettysburg College in Pennsylvania.

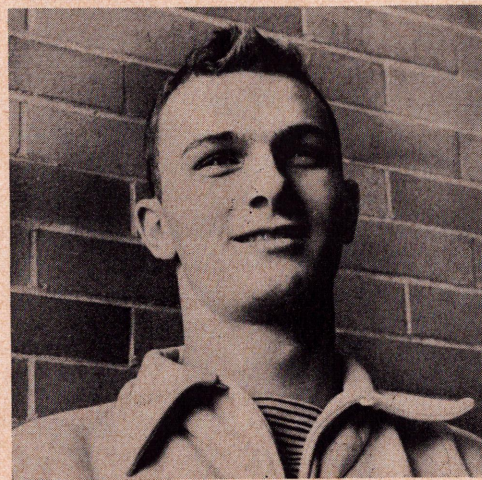
His ambition is to own a hardware store.

Good luck, Dick. We all extend our sincere wishes for a happy future.



GOOD SPORT

This popular senior you have no doubt seen many a time in the gym. Her name is Libera Principe, better known as "Lib." Included in her favorite pastimes are, of course, all sports, drawing, and reading. Roast chicken is tops with Lib. Believe it or not, she has no pet peeve. Lib says boys in general are O. K., but she's only "Ernest" about one. Hockey captain in sophomore year; winner of the badminton tournament in sophomore and junior year; present chairman of girls' sports in the yearbook—all these and other activities make Lib pretty busy. As far as future plans are concerned, Lib hopes to attend Sargent College of Physical Education. Lots of good luck, Lib!



February, 1951

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SPORTSMAN

Attention, students! Step up, read this, and meet Kenny Wilde. This very active young man plays football, is on the skiing team, and is a mainstay of the track team. Last year he won the Western Massachusetts Championship for the mile-run in track. Recently he won a ski meet held by the Mt. Greylock Ski Club. Last year he was a Junior Homeroom Representative; this year he is a member of the Christmas Decorating Committee, and member of the Senior Class Council.

His plans for the future include taking the R. O. T. C. course in college. From there, who knows? He hopes it will be Annapolis; and so do we if he'll be happy there.

BUSY SENIOR

The person responsible for our receiving all those extra bulletins lately is none other than Judy Cook, chairman of the Senior Yearbook Picture Committee. She's easy to find in Senior Class Council meetings or in Senior math class, where she seems to know all the angles. Judy thinks flying is just super, and the Pittsfield Airport is next to Mount Hermon as far as favorite "hangouts" are concerned. Spaghetti and meat balls rate high on her list of favorite foods. Her pet peeve is being teased in Spanish class, but of course she takes it good naturedly as she does everything else.



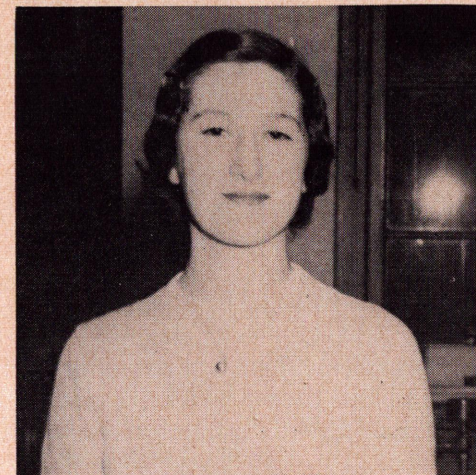
STUDENT COUNCIL MEMBER

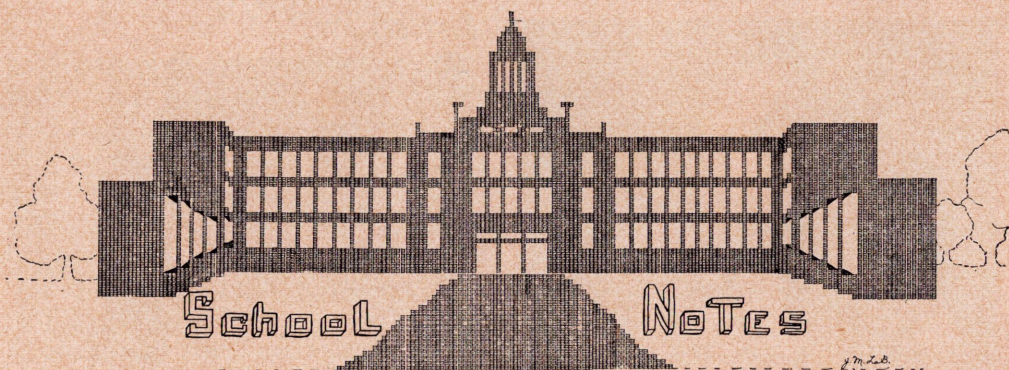
Here's a very pretty young junior you'll see in the classroom studying very hard—Joan Stumpeck. Joan was secretary of the Student Council last year and is also on the staff this year.

Joan prefers Latin and English to any of her other studies. Her favorite pastimes are reading and sewing. As for her hobby she has a very nice collection of foreign dolls.

When it comes to food she says French fries and catsup will do anytime.

Joan's future ambition is to become a teacher. We hope you are successful, and we wish you the best of luck, Joan.





Irma Bosma, Editor

Helen Madden, Shirley Ann Denno, Patricia Smith, Joan Sutton, Janet Hodecker, Peggy Navin, Paula Coughlin, Peggy Dery, Judy Feder, Laura Dennis, Betty Jasper, Barbara Erickson, Harriet Adelson, Ellen Hogan, Marlene Goodwin, Cynthia Goldman, John Grady

MR. STROUT'S CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

'Twas the week before Christmas, and all
through the school
Not a pupil was breaking one single rule.
The teachers were puzzled; not one under-
stood
Why every last pupil was being so good.
In the office Miss Parker had nothing to do.
Mr. Hennessey's hallway was all vacant too.
While to Mr. Moran who's kept on the hop
Not even one boy had been sent from the
shop.
The halls were all quiet, the lunch tables
clean,
The passing was perfect, the classrooms
serene.
No teachers were bothered with corridor
passes.
The office was free of those tardy to classes.
The absence of noise, confusion and clatter
Made all of us ask "What can be the matter?"
With everyone courteous, thankful, and kind
The teachers were anxious the reason to find.
Some said that deficiencies soon would go out.
Some said 'twas the lecture by Principal
Strout.
But the wise gave an answer that really did
click,

For they knew in a moment it must be Saint
Nick,
That little old fellow whose reindeer so fleet,
Remind us of boys and girls fast on their feet,
Who wait for the signal, the bell on the wall,
Then dash away, dash away, into the hall.
Oh! how fine it would be if all would remem-
ber
To act all the year as we do in December.
Our high school would then be a heavenly
place,
A shining example to the whole human race.
In spite of abundance I'm sure we believe
That it's more fun to give than it is to re-
ceive.
To remember, this season, the many in need
Will assure you a Christmas quite merry
indeed.
In preparing our presents let us beware
Gifts lacking the giver will always be bare.
So plan for yourself some service to others,
Treating all people as if they were brothers.
Among the great gifts that Americans treas-
ure
Is freedom for all in most generous measure;
So regardless of honor, position, or station
Give grateful thanks that you're one of this
nation.

What this war-weary world so very much
needs
Is abundant good-will and a host of good
deeds.
So let's think of others with love in our heart
Showing kindness to all, and doing our part.
This spirit of Christmas should be universal,
A permanent thing, not just a rehearsal;
For the golden rule in all our relations
Would surely bring peace and good will
among nations.
May Christmas for all of you be the real
thing.
It will if some gladness to others you bring.
Time's getting short; my ink's running out,
So Merry Christmas to all from Principal
Strout.

*Editor's Note: The appearance of a Christ-
mas poem in a February issue we realize is
unique. However, because everyone enjoyed it
so much and because there have been several
requests for a copy, we are glad to present you
with your personal copy today.*

CAMERA CLUB

The High School Camera Club was very
much pleased when its members were invited
to be the guests of the Berkshire Camera Club
on January third. Mr. Keith, a noted pho-
tographer of wild life, gave a lecture which
was helpful as well as entertaining.

Lee Diefendorf and Edward Herberg are
co-sponsors of a high school photography
contest in which any student from the ninth
grade to the twelfth may enter.

TOY COLLECTION

P. H. S. students deserve a word of praise
for their contribution to the "Tide of Toys"
collection which was sponsored by the Amer-
ican Legion. The toys which were collected
are to go to children in many different parts
of the world. At the high school the Student
Council had charge of the toys. The response
of the students was gratifying. They brought
in about 600 toys.



MEET THE FACULTY

Hidden away on the third floor in Room
311 is the teacher who is the favorite of THE
PEN Club this month. They could not have
chosen a more amiable teacher. Yes, students,
it's Mr. Matthew Jacoby, teacher of general
science, and biology.

Like all the teachers at P. H. S., Mr. Jacoby
is well qualified for the position. A graduate
of our Alma Mater in 1925, he attended Ohio
Northern University, where he majored in
Biology and Business Administration to ob-
tain his A.B. degree. Later, he took graduate
courses at Massachusetts State College and
North Adams State Teachers College.

Before obtaining a position here, this busy
teacher taught at Plunkett, Crane, Pontoosuc,
Central, and Tucker Junior Highs. At Pon-
toosuc and Crane he was a coach; at Tucker,
Crane, and Pontoosuc, he was class advisor;
and during his three years here, he has been
active in fraternity activities and intramural
sports.

To keep him busy outside of school, he has
two sons. Playing with them rates tops in his
pastimes. He also enjoys bowling, skating,
skiing, and the popular game of Canasta. His
hobbies of home repairing, maintenance and
gardening also contribute to a busy home life.

Mr. Jacoby has only one favorite team and
that is the Red Sox.



JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

First Row: Jack Brennan, Leo Gilson, Mary Lou Moser. Second Row: Shirley Bartini, Richard Rivard

JUNIOR CLASS ELECTIONS

Although it may have seemed so, the whole Junior Class did not run for office. In reality, there were only thirty-seven candidates, each accompanied by a retinue of tags and posters. Almost every member of the Junior Class was weighed down by these novelties distributed by the various candidates. It was difficult to predict for whom they would vote because many were displaying tags for opponents in the race.

Some of the outstanding tags were those made in the shape of a fox's head with a slogan on the other side requesting everyone to vote for Barbara Fox for girl vice-president. The most popular tags were those which had candy or gum attached. Although there were many candy cigarettes, Ed Sadlowski was the only one who passed out real cigarettes. He had the slogan, "Your Old

Gold will be safe with Ed Sadlowski as treasurer." Deb Carley, running for president, issued cardboard eight balls and an outline of the high school dome. Sue Spellios had money bags which looked rather full.

The posters in the cafeteria were so numerous that even a whole lunch period was not long enough to inspect them. Madeleine May had no trouble rhyming her name in the slogans which she used on her posters. Gloire Pierson used brilliant orange and blue paint on her posters. One of Anne Everest's posters had a huge apple with a worm coming out of the hole and saying, "Just popping out to remind you to vote for Anne Everest." Kitty Creran astounded everyone with a picture of a girl walking over a boy. Leo Gilson and Jack Brennan, who were featured on the same poster, used their own photographs under pictures of President Lincoln and President

Washington. Doris Shantz made a tremendous paper bag with various slogans. A poster which attracted a great deal of attention was Dick Williams's with its candy cane letters. Kathy Lewis, running for treasurer, had a kangaroo with an original slogan about there being more in your pocket—and she didn't mean a baby kangaroo. Joan Stumpek had the song title "I Love You a Bushel and a Peck" on most of her tags and posters. On one of the posters there was a picture of an owl with the inscription "Be wise, vote for Irene Wojtkowski for Vice-President."

On January 15 the primary elections were held. Those who qualified for the finals were—for president, Kitty Creran and Leo Gilson; boy vice-president, Jack Brennan and Dick Williams; girl vice-president, Barbara Fox and Mary Lou Moser; secretary, Anne Everest, Joan Stumpek, and Lefty Rivard; treasurer, Shirley Bartini and Ed Sadlowski.

The outcome of the final election was announced on January 19, during the rally before the basketball game between St. Joseph and Pittsfield. President is Leo Gilson; boy vice-president, Jack Brennan; girl vice-president, Mary Lou Moser; secretary, Lefty Rivard; and treasurer, Shirley Bartini. We all have great confidence in these officers and are sure the Junior Class will be capably governed.

MOTION PICTURE CLUB

The Club pictures for the month of November were "Three Secrets", "I'll Get By" and "The Milkman." At one meeting Beverly Boos was the discussion leader. The pictures discussed were "Mr. 880" by Elaine Bosma; "Copper Canyon", Vernon Turner; "City Lights", Joseph Pugliese; "Union Station", Vernon Turner; and "Toast of New Orleans" by Martin Betteres.

At the second November meeting Irma Bosma was the discussion leader. Joseph Pugliese led the discussion on "I'll Get By", and Vernon Turner discussed "Three Secrets" and "The Milkman."

The Club pictures selected for the month of December were "All About Eve", "King Solomon's Mines", and "Rio Grande." In addition to the discussions of the Club pictures Vernon Turner, Robert Simmons, and Vincent Ruperto led the discussions on "Let's Dance", "Two Weeks With Love", "The Jackpot" and "Dial 1119."

"The West Point Story" and "Macbeth" were the Club pictures for January.

The Club has subscribed for the second year to the *Exhibitor*, which is a weekly magazine about motion pictures.

GOOD GOVERNMENT DAY

On January 12th an election was held by the U. S. History classes to select a student to represent P. H. S. in the forthcoming activities to be held in March at the State House in Boston when the students of Massachusetts secondary schools will replace the members of the state government for one day. This election was part of a statewide program designed to give the pupils of Massachusetts a better understanding of the way in which our state government works. In compliance with this campaign, Governor Dever designated January 12th as Good Government Day.

About 240 schools, both public and private, are expected to participate; and each winner will take an active part in the next meeting at the State House. The names of the student governor, the Speaker of the House, the heads of departments, senators, representatives, etc., will be drawn by Governor Dever and other officers. The remaining pupils will represent legislative committees who will meet to debate various issues in both the House and Senate.

The winners will be notified after the drawing, and will be instructed concerning the duties they will be called upon to perform at the State House meeting.

Joseph Viani, a member of the Senior Class, was selected to represent Pittsfield High in this "experiment in democracy." We are sure he is capable of fulfilling his duties and wish him the very best of luck.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT NEWS

As we enter the second semester of our school year, we find our band, our orchestra, and our glee clubs busily practicing for their annual spring concerts.

This year the senior class, planning to sponsor the three concerts, is considering the idea of selling a season ticket entitling the holder to admittance to all three. However, this is not yet definite.

The orchestra of 36 pieces will have the first concert on April 6th. Following this, on May 11th, will be a concert of both the Girls' Glee Club and the Boys' Glee Club as well. The Boys' Glee Club, which has eighteen members, is the first in three years. Rounding out the series will be the Band Concert of 82 pieces on June 8th. All three concerts will feature soloists as well as group numbers, and represent the work of the whole year.

This year twelve students from Pittsfield High will take part in the All-State Orchestra and Choral Concert, held this year in Worcester on the evening of February 17th. The participants will be in Worcester the 15th and 16th for rehearsals. Besides practicing, parties will be held for the students and a "good time is sure to be had by all."

Representing Pittsfield High School in the All-State Orchestra will be Richard Moeller, Grace Henderson, Edith Glaeser, John Eberwein, James Ranti, Joyce Potter, and Marlene Posner; and singing in the chorus are Arlene Slater, June Wooliver, Barbara Frink, Lucretia Girard, and Barbara Le Clair.

ASSEMBLIES AND RALLIES

As the main attraction of our S. A. S. Assembly, Monday morning, December 18th, we had as our speaker a full blooded Eskimo. His name was Simeon Oliver, his native name, Nutchuck, and his title, "The Most Famous Eskimo in the World." Mr. Oliver told us of his life in Alaska from his childhood in an igloo to the present date. In addition to lecturing, he also writes, does some exploring, and radio work; and he is an accomplished

concert pianist. At the close of his lecture, Mr. Oliver played for us a medley of three of his own works, which reflected the lives of his people.

Our first Pep Rally for the 1951 basketball season was held during a B period on Wednesday, January 10th. It was the first tryout of a new system, to have rallies after classes instead of during an A period. Our peppy cheerleaders led us in a few new cheers as well as our old favorites, and introduced to us the newest member of the cheerleading squad, Marion Belanger.

TRI-HI-Y ACTIVITIES

All the Tri-Hi-Y Clubs have been as busy as bees in their various activities.

Alpha had a very successful "Frosty Frolic." Congratulations to Deb Carley for the splendid job she did as its chairman. They had a Christmas party and now are looking forward to a wonderful time with plans for a social.

Beta made Christmas happy for two children. They are planning a spaghetti supper and then a sleigh ride late in February.

Delta was kept busy making dolls for the Red Cross during the Christmas season. The girls had the pleasure of listening to a very interesting talk given by Miss Parker. A sleigh ride is also being planned, and they are looking forward to a grand time.

Gamma had two projects for Christmas. They helped a needy family at Christmas and, socially, they enjoyed a sleigh ride. They are now making big plans for the "Basket-Ball" to be co-sponsored with Hi-Y. The dance will be held on February 17 at the Stanley Club Barn.

Sigma has had a paper drive and two successful cake sales. Velma Spazioso was chairman for the "Sno Flurry" held January 20. We congratulate her for a job well done.

Zeta bought clothes for a poor family as a Christmas project. They are now planning a cake sale and discussing plans for their annual "Sadie Hawkins" dance to be held in March.

THREE TRIPS COMPLETED
FOR TECH STUDENTS

Dr. Van Duesen has a schedule of trips outlined for technical eleventh graders. Three of these trips have been completed.

The first trip was to E. D. Jones paper machinery manufacturers. The students were guided through drafting rooms, tool rooms, and shops. The machine shops were the most impressive with monstrous machines, such as lathes, planes, shapers and borers. Jones and Co. have their castings made on the outside and have their old foundry converted to a combined assembly and packing room. Patterns for castings, though, are made on the premises and shipped to foundries. Jones' machines are shipped all over North America and to foreign countries.

Crane and Co., paper manufacturers, was the second destination. Here paper of the stationery type is made. Rags, mostly shirt clippings, are used in the paper. The manufacturing steps as witnessed by the students includes, first of all, beating. This separates the fibers, which are then bleached and washed. The fibers are then put on a screen which drains off the water. The mat that is left is sent through a system of rollers for pressing, drying, and water-marking. Sizing is added next before the paper is rolled up. Crane and Co. also operate government mills for the making of our paper money.

The latest trip was to Berkshire Woolen on Peck's Road. Here, different types of wool cloth are made. The most important difference between wool and cotton is that, as woolen fibers are curly and springy, they hold their shape and are twisted easily. Processing wool for weaving starts by separating the different fibers which are raked into loose strands. These are transported to spinning machines which twist the loose strands into a strong yarn. The spools of yarn are then brought to the weaving room. The weaving room was a mass of noise. Shuttlecocks being slammed back and forth were louder than fire-

crackers. All different sizes and patterns of cloth were made here. The bolts of cloth were then washed, treated with acid to remove burrs, and pressed. Also, they were trimmed with a lawnmower-like machine and finally stored in the stockroom.

Dr. Van Duesen hopes, with the co-operation of local industrial establishments, to continue these trips for the benefit of the students.

TECHNICAL

The Pittsfield Radio Club, in cooperation with the high school Technical Club, has started a new twenty-five week course on radio theory in B-9 from 6.30 to 9.30 on Wednesday. Students, not only from Pittsfield High, but also from high schools of neighboring towns, as well as adults, have been invited to attend. The object is to encourage students to become active in *CD communications* work and also to prepare interested persons for radio operators' licenses from the Federal Communications Commission. The classes teach what goes on behind the dials of radio receivers, transmitters, and other kinds of communications equipment. They are designed for students who have no present knowledge of radio and are taught in layman's language. These lessons include vacuum tube theory, radio fundamentals, radio propagation, receiver construction, code practice, FCC rules, and other allied subjects. Instructors are Dr. Robert R. Ralston and Mr. William H. Buchanan.

The technical boys held their annual Christmas party in B-9 the day before Christmas vacation. Ice cream and soda was served, and movies were shown. Presiding over the party was David Pryde, '51.

Because of unfortunate circumstances beyond their control, the Technical seniors of '50 were unable to hold their reunion party during Christmas vacation. At the party they had planned to make suggestions on the technical course. They still hope, however, to get together some time in the future.



Are you SURE There's no one ELSE?

NEW ADDITION AWAITED BY SCHOOL PRINTERS

It has been announced that the printing department will soon receive its latest machine additions, the Monotype Caster and Keyboard.

The monotype machine system produces individual movable types, quads and spaces; and with attachments is capable of casting leads, slugs and rules. It sets type in completely justified lines in either plain straight matter or different tabular arrangements in all measures up to and including 60 picas in length—(ten inches)—actually twice the length of line possible on other kinds of typesetting equipment. As a by-product, it produces type for the cases, which is used in correcting machine-set matter, and for the purpose of hand composition.

One monotype will produce enough type and material for the Graphic Arts classes of the new junior high schools as well as the

Printing Department of the Vocational School.

The monotype system of typesetting consists of two units, the caster and the keyboard. The casting unit provides a separate field of employment—that of casting machine operator; this machine embodies the mechanical aptitude. It is a marvel of ingenuity and will stir the imagination of the boy so inclined.

Type is cast at an average speed of 150 characters per minute. The monotype keyboard is based upon the standard typewriter keyboard. This is acknowledged as the fastest arrangement of keys for typewriting or typesetting. As the keys are depressed, tiny holes are punched in certain definite locations on a paper spool ribbon, which are later translated to type on the casting machine.

This kind of machine predominates in the production of textbooks, high grade magazines, both commercial catalogs and advertising literature, nationally and locally.



By Natalie Klein '51

Jean Jarvie, '50, is a freshman at Oberlin College in Oberlin, Ohio. James Edmonds, '49, is a sophomore there.

Leon Morrier, '50, and Edward Kanter, '49, are freshmen at Clarkson Technical Institute in Potsdam, New York.

Judith Giegerich, a 1950 graduate, is a student at Endicott Junior College in Beverly, Massachusetts.

Barbara Depew, class of '49, is a senior at Becker Junior College in Worcester. She is taking the medical secretarial course there.

Gerald Martin, '49, is a sophomore at Ohio State University at Columbus, Ohio.

Margaret Walker, '50, is a private in the WAF and is stationed at Keesler Air Force Base in Mississippi.

Glenn Carson, '49, is a student at Bates College in Lewiston, Maine.

Wayne Carley, '49, is a freshmen at Yale University in New Haven, Connecticut.

Jo Ann Pillsbury, Ann Meagher, Betty Aitcheson, and Rachel Whitman, all members of the class of 1950, are freshmen at North Adams State Teachers College.

Charles Steady, '50, is studying radio and journalism at Syracuse University in Syracuse, New York.

Jessie Ross, '47, is a senior at Trinity College in Hartford, where she will receive her B.S. degree in Business Administration.

Harold Agar, '50, is a freshman at Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio.

Joan Mullaney, '49, is a student at the College of St. Rose in Albany, New York.

Richard Gelinas, '50, has enlisted in the Navy and is presently stationed at the Naval training school in Newport, Rhode Island.

Peter Lovejoy, Basilio Henriques, and Allan Eastman, class of '50, are freshmen at the University of Massachusetts.

John O'Laughlin and Thomas Hamilton, '49, are students at Notre Dame University in South Bend, Indiana.

Sybil Gould, '50, is a freshman at Green Mountain Junior College.

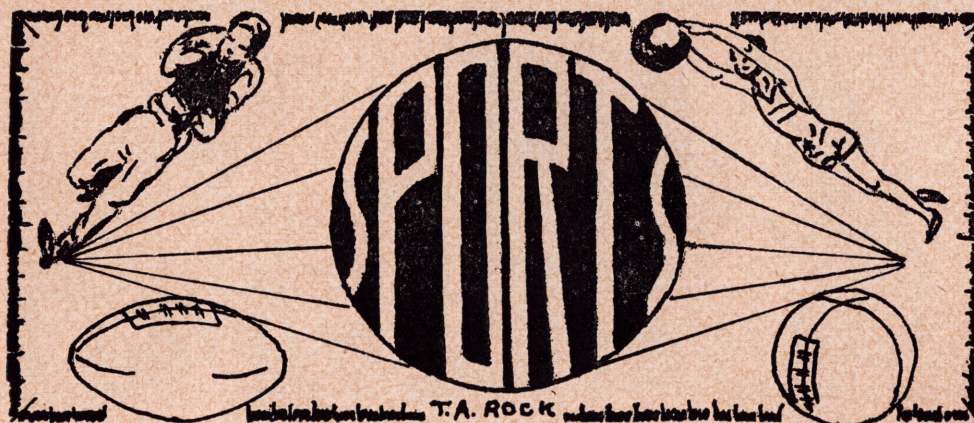
Robert Perkins, '49, has entered the freshman class at Sioux Falls College, Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

Dorothy Green, '49, is a senior in the medical secretary course at Westbrook Junior College in Portland, Maine.

Students at Berkshire Business College who are graduates of Pittsfield High are James McGuigan, Lorraine Gagne, Eugene Vidoli, Monica Pytko, Patricia Lyon, and David Diehl.

Richard Haskell, '50, is a freshman in the engineering course at Purdue University in Lafayette, Indiana.

Malcolm Keeler, '50, is a freshman at Worcester Polytechnical Institute.



P. H. S. CAPS LEAGUE OPENER, 71-56

by Bob Strelin

In an exciting season opener played at the Pittsfield State Armory on Wednesday, January 3, Pittsfield High School's hustling basketball team started the campaign on the right foot as they outlasted Williamstown High, 71-56.

After spotting the visitors a 10-1 lead in the opening minutes of the contest, the Purple came roaring back and led 17-15 at the close of the first period.

As the second period began, Bob Bourassa replaced Jim Williamson at center and contributed seven points to the Pittsfield cause before the end of the half. The Purple, gradually gaining momentum as the game progressed, led 34-25 at intermission.

Williamstown fought back gamely throughout the second half as they kept Pittsfield from pulling away to a long lead and trailed by only six points as the third quarter ended.

However, the final quarter found the out-of-towners tired, due to lack of reserve strength. Paul Keeping and Bob Barnini, Williamstown's high scorers with eleven and ten points respectively, had both fouled out by the middle of the period. The Purple, taking advantage of the situation, bore down and pulled away to a sizable lead. The final score was 71-56.

Forward Ronnie Russell led the Pittsfield scoring with eighteen points on eight floor goals and two free throws. Bourassa and Captain Dick Snook chipped in with eleven points apiece, Williamson scored ten, and Carl Mayes had eight.

P. H. S. SUBDUES DALTON HIGH 56-48

by Carl Maynard

Pittsfield High's ever improving basketball team, unbeaten in regular league play, showed both style and stamina in beating a stubborn Dalton team, 56 to 48, on January 10 at the Armory. Dalton's man for man defense was rendered useless by Pittsfield's smashing attack, and the tall boys of Pittsfield also retained control of the backboards for most of the game.

P. H. S. in the first period held an advantage of 16 to 5, and at half time the score was 30 to 17. Then Dalton found the range, and by the end of the third period they were trailing by only eight points. They weren't able to overcome Pittsfield's lead, however, and were still trailing eight points at the final buzzer.

Ronnie Russell, showing his usual marksmanship, was high scorer for the evening with seventeen points. Joe Viani, clicking in the first half with four floor goals, cooled off in the second half and finished runner up with 11 points.

P. H. S. CRUSHES ST. JOE (N.A.), 85-42

by Bob Strelin

Pittsfield High, seeking to regain the championship they let slip through their fingers last season, went on a scoring rampage as they overwhelmed St. Joseph's of North Adams, 85-42, at the State Armory on Friday, January 12. In this win, the third straight league victory for Coach Fox's scrappy five, the team set a new scoring high for the season.

The Purple's supremacy became evident in the very first period as they pulled away to a ridiculously long lead. After the count was tied at two-all in the opening seconds, Pittsfield put together a fourteen point chain. The opposition made only one floor goal in the entire first period, and that with less than a minute left.

The score read 33-16 at the close of the half. The tiring parochial school team folded in the third period as the Purple scored twenty-eight points. Forward Ronnie Russell sparked the big scoring drive with fourteen points. The period ended with Pittsfield leading by thirty points, 61-31.

In the final quarter Coach Fox inserted several of his reserves, who also gave a good account of themselves. Many of the regulars were sent to the showers early in the period. The win was decisive and at no time was the home team even in danger of losing the lead.

Six players, three regulars and three reserves, broke into double figures. Ronnie Russell again took the scoring honors with twenty points on ten floor goals. Chuck Garivaltis, reserve guard, scored thirteen points. Joe Viani and Woody Morgan had eleven apiece and Carl Mayes and Larry Bossidy each scored ten.

DRURY HIGH TOPPLES P. H. S. 39-37

by Carl Maynard

Another one of those hair raising games was played at the Armory on January 17, between P. H. S. and Drury High. As in most of these touch-and-go games, the actual

victor was in doubt right up to the final gun. Unfortunately, the fateful buzzer found the lead in the hands of the North Adams team. At the half-time, when Pittsfield led by a score of 21 to 19, the injection of Norman Truehart into the Drury lineup could have provided the spark they needed to drive to victory.

Coach Fox's boys had slowed the North Adams team almost to a walk for the length of the first quarter, but by the end of the first half, Drury had begun to find the range, and at the intermission Pittsfield had only a slim two-point lead. With the replacement of Truehart at forward, Drury took on new life and at the end of the third quarter, P. H. S. was on the short end of 29 to 26 score. In the hectic fourth period, the score changed hands countless times, with Drury finally going away with the verdict.

VIANI'S CLUTCH PUSH SHOT

SINKS ST. JOE, 40-38

by Bob Strelin

A hysterically screaming crowd which jammed the Pittsfield State Armory, Friday, January 19, went completely crazy as lanky Joe Viani grabbed a loose ball and fired a twenty-five foot push shot into the net just as the buzzer sounded, signifying that the game was over. The clutch basket broke a 38-38 tie to give the Purple the first game in their quest for the city championship. Viani, mobbed by players and spectators alike, was carried triumphantly into the dressing room on the shoulders of his teammates, thus ending one of the closest, hardest fought, most exciting games in the entire history of the city series.

St. Joe started the game in high gear as they jumped away to a six-point advantage with the first period more than half over. However, Pittsfield, sparked by Ronnie Russell's three floor goals, came roaring back and held an 8-6 lead as the quarter ended. But St. Joe, apparently up for this game which meant second place as well as all the prestige

which accompanies a city series victory, was by no means through for the evening. Led by their brilliant forward, Fred Broderick, who scored ten points in the second quarter, the parochial school team fought back gamely and led 20-18 at intermission.

Although Pittsfield pulled away to an eight-point lead late in the third period, St. Joe continued their brilliant up-hill battle and trailed by only a single basket as the hectic contest entered into the final eight minutes. The tension steadily mounted as the last period progressed with St. Joe doggedly pressing Pittsfield for the lead. With a scant 38 seconds left, hysteria gripped the St. Joseph's cheering section as Forward Dave Quinlan tossed in two foul shots to knot the count at 38-38. The rest of the game was a series of desperation shots and nerve-racking floor play, until Viani came through to save the day for his teammates and his school.

P. H. S. DOWNS ADAMS, 44-39

On January 23, Pittsfield High's basketball team met Adams on the Adams home court and handed the league leaders their first defeat. By a decisive 44-39 victory, P. H. S. moved into a first place tie with Adams.

P. H. S. took the lead after a 2-all tie in the first quarter, and was never headed, although in the fourth quarter Adams came to within one floor goal of a tie.

Ronnie Russell led the scorers with 16 points. Bob Bourassa had a fine night at center and scored 12 points. Carl Mayes was outstanding on defense in holding Rodovick to a scoreless first half and to only five points at the end of the game. Chet Bury played a fine all-around game for Adams. Our own Dick Snook and Joe Viani were a little off on their shooting, but both played the backboards well.

Adams never really got started, even though they made an attempt to come back early in the second half.

Girls' Sports

By Lillian Gaudette

SPRING EXHIBITION

If the New Yorkers think that Grand Central is a busy place, they should be in the girls' gym. Preparations are being made for the gym exhibition which will take place on April 13, 1951. No one except the teachers who have to prepare for this performance realize just how much work, time, and, most of all, patience are required to make these exhibitions a success. The hard part is making up the various dances, choosing titles for them, finding enough girls to participate in the dances and, last but not least, arranging the costumes.

Some of the numbers in the exhibition will be "The Dude Ranch", a minstrel number, and "Christmas Eve in Toyland". The latter, I am sure, will be enjoyable, because our Miss McNaughton is the original composer of the song, "Christmas Eve in Toyland".

Don't miss this year's Gym Exhibition. It will be well worth your while.

ROUND ROBIN TOURNAMENT

This year the round-robin tournament is going to be organized differently. There are going to be ten individual teams, with the winners of this tournament awarded numerals. Each will be captained by a senior chosen by Miss McNaughton: Libera Principe, Mary Zofrea, Velma Spazioso, Sally McCambridge, Jean Blanchard, Carolyn Wagner, Judy Meagher, Barbara Duggan, Barbara Erickson and Lillian Gaudette. These girls are going to be allowed to coach their teams themselves. These seniors will also be allowed to play with the teams.



SENIOR VOLLEYBALL TEAM

First Row—Judy Meagher, Barbara Duggan, Beverly Perego, Lil Gaudette, Libera Principe.
Second Row—Eleanor Egan, Barbara Erickson, Josephine Salzarulo, Mary Zofrea, Carolyn Wagner.

VOLLEYBALL

Seems there was a little dispute as to who was going to win the volleyball tournament. No, there wasn't any hairpulling or such tactics. This dispute was decided in the form of six games. Each class played against each of the other two classes twice, making it four games each. The seniors wound up on top with a clean record.

Captained by peppy Bev. Perego, the senior team was made up of Judy Meagher, Lil Gaudette, Lib Principe, Carol Wagner, Barb Erickson, Eleanor Egan, Josie Salzarulo, Mary Zofrea, and Barb Duggan.

The juniors, under capable Barb Marsters as their captain, won two of their four games, with the aid of Sue Cook, Peggy Navin, Annette Brickle, Anna Bruzzi, Carol Calebaugh, Paula Coughlin, Doris Shantz, June Minkley, Mary Palmer, and Rosemary Principe.

Even though the sophs lost all four games, the whole team showed ability. Captained by Elda Filault, the team consisted of Mary Gabriel, Marilyn Case, Carol Walters, Barbara Limont, Joan Hatin, Sara Morgan, Lorita Calderella, Deborah Chamberlain, Carol Chiorgno, and Patricia Gerhardt.

BOWLING

The bowling will take place at Bianchi's Alleys again this year. Any five girls are allowed to form a team and pick a name of their choice. Bowling days this year are Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. At the end of twelve weeks the teams which are highest for each day are chosen to compete against each other. The winners of this special match are given individual trophies donated by Mr. Bianchi.

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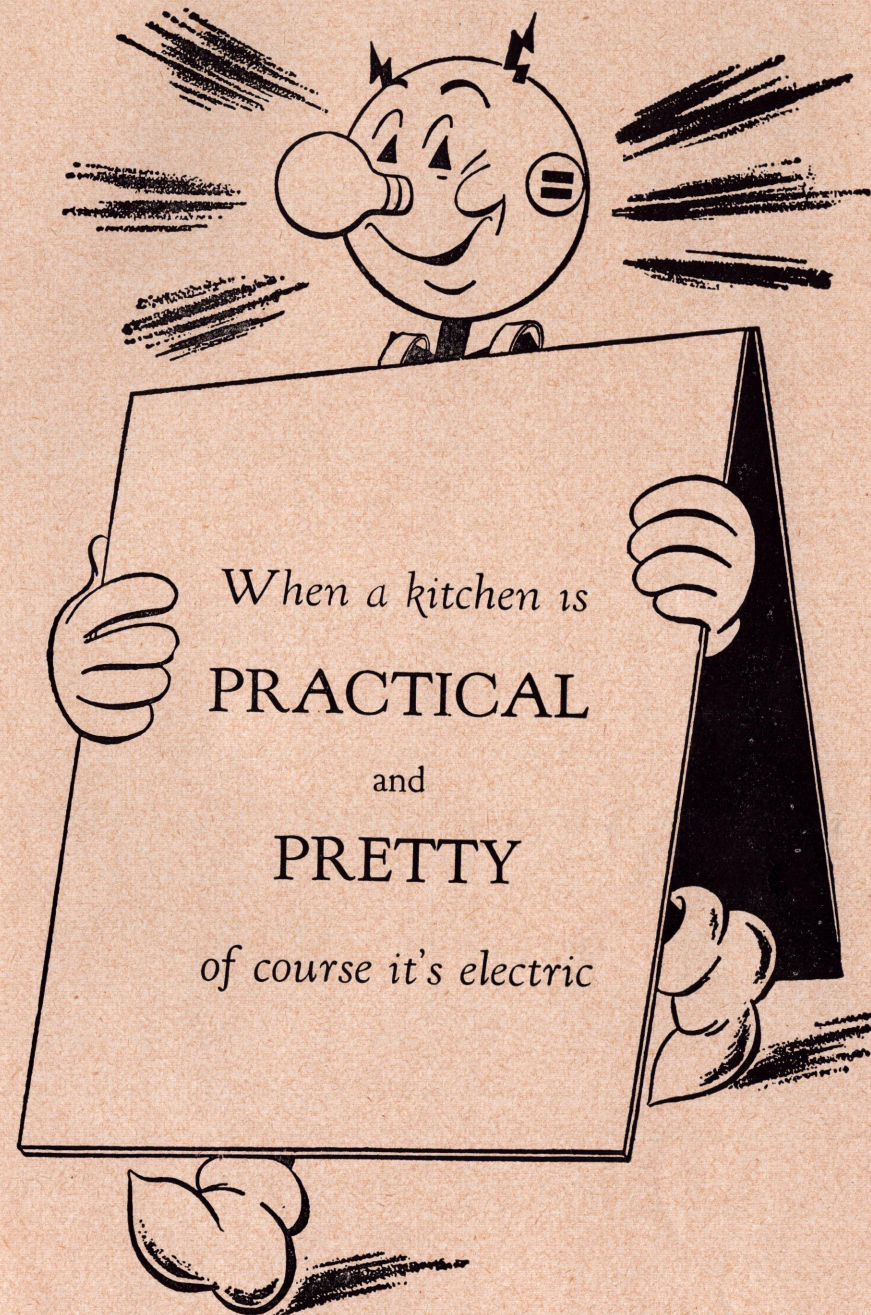
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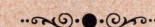
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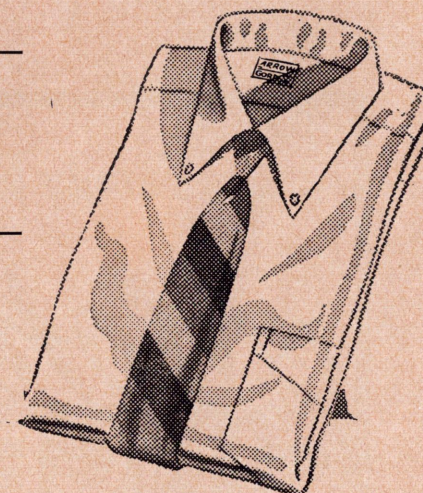
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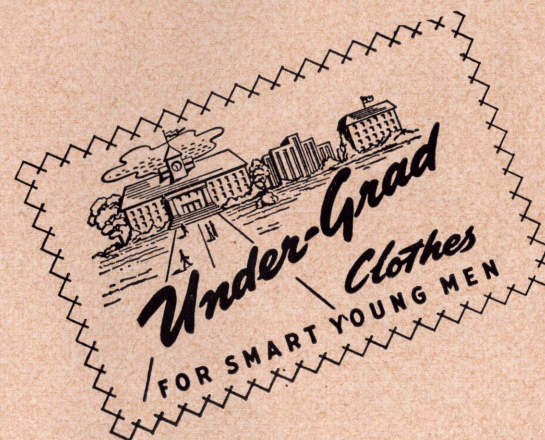
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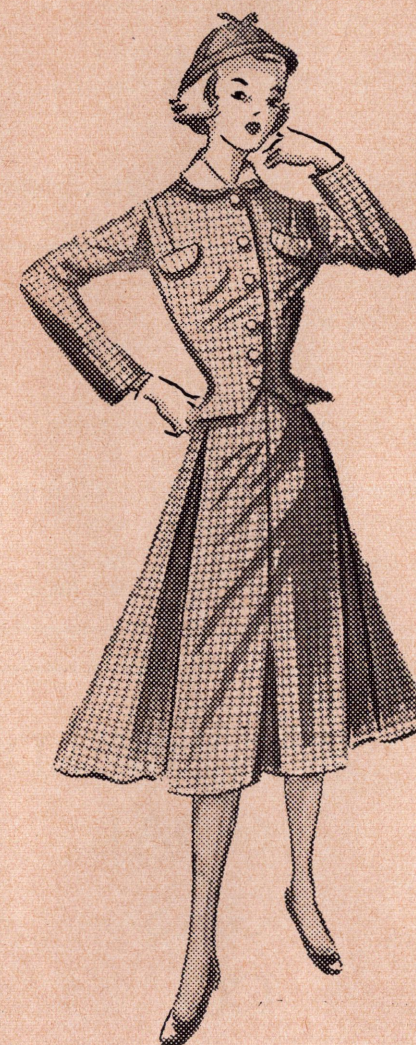
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THE
STUDENT'S PEN



FEBRUARY 1951

Miss Whitmire, Teacher for 37 Years, Dies

Taught Typing, Office Practice At PHS 27 Years

(From Friday's Eagle)

Miss Helen L. Whitmire, 56, of 212 First Street, a teacher for 37 years, died last night at St. Luke's Hospital after a short illness. Prior to her death, she had taught typing and office practice at Pittsfield High School for 27 years.

The body will be brought from the Condrion Funeral Home late this afternoon to her former address on First Street. The funeral will be Monday morning in St. Joseph's Church followed by burial in St. Joseph's Cemetery.

She is survived by a sister, Miss Margaret Whitmire of Springfield and two brothers, Rev. George Whitmire of the Franciscan Mission Order, stationed at Siena College in Loudonville, N.Y., and Jere of Pittsfield.

Mr. Russell's Tribute

School Superintendent Edward J. Russell paid the following tribute this morning to Miss Whitmire: "The sense of loss in the untimely passing of Miss Helen Whitmire is shared by every member of the School Department and by her many students, past and present. Her life was wholeheartedly devoted to her pupils whose interests were her paramount concern. She brought to her task a fine combination of sympathetic understanding of the needs of youth and of teaching ability of a high order. On behalf of the School Department and myself I wish to extend deep sympathy and condolences to her family."

Born in Pittsfield in 1894, she was the daughter of Ambrose and Agnes Mooney Whitmire and spent most of her life here. She graduated from Westfield State Teachers College, received her B.S. from Boston University and her masters' degree from St. Bonaventure College. She started teaching in Pittsfield schools in 1914, and continued until June, 1924, when she taught in New Britain, Conn., for 10 years. In 1934 she returned to Pittsfield and has taught in Pittsfield High ever since.

She was a member of the Third Order of St. Francis and a communicant of St. Joseph's Church.